Essex County Herald.

TERMS: $1.50 PER ANNUM, | DEVOTED TO LOCAL, POLITICAL AND GENERAL NEWS, AND THE INTERESTS OF ESSEX COUNTY. | IN ADVANCE.

VOL. IV. | GUILDHALL, VT, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1876. | NO. 41.

On a Faithful Bank Cashier.

[A dispatch from Northfield, Minnesota, states that eight mounted robbers rode up to the bank. Three of them then dismounted, entered, sprung over the counter, and ordered the cashier, Mr. J. Haywood, to open the vault. Although a knife was held to his throat, he refused to obey. The robbers then shot him through the head; the assistant cashier was wounded, but succeeded in escaping. The alarm was at once given, the citizens collected and attacked the band, two of whom were killed, after which the others made their escape. Owing to the heroism of Mr. Haywood, nothing was lost.]

Unto how few the fadeless bays
Belong! How few the iron crown
Of virtue wear! And few the lays
That bear a hero's honor down
Untarnished to the latest days!

Yet there was one but now who breathed
Faithful to trust, and in that hour
Summoned he laid down life, bequeathed
To all good men his good deed's power,
And with great names his name enwreathed.

For tell me not his place was low,
His sterling voice till then unheard;
He knew and dared to answer "No!"
Whole volumes spoke in that one word,
And duty could no further go.

Not oftenest on war's glorious field,
Or in the gaze of favoring men
Does duty call, but when the shield
Of secrecy protects, or when
Our dearest hopes to her must yield;

Not oftenest does the martyr gain
By sacrifice his righteous fame;
And this man knew it, stood the strain
Of silent trial. He prized the name
Of truth, and kept it free from stain.

If he betrayed not, death was sure;
Before him stood the murderous thief;
He did not flinch. Of one life fewer
The angels turned the blood sealed leaf
That night, and said: "The page is pure."

Oh, simple faith and loyalty!
If each true heart like this were strong
The nation's ancient majesty
Would rise again with joyous song,
Her beauty shine o'er every sea!

CAMBRIDGE, MASS. G. P. LATHROP.

MATCH-MAKING.

"I wouldn't marry the best man that ever lived!"

And she meant it, or, what answers the same purpose, she thought she meant it. After all, how few of us ever really know what we do mean!

"I engaged myself once when a girl, and the simpleton thought he owned me. I soon took that conceit out of him, and sent him about his business."

The voice was now a trifle sharp. What wonder, with so galling a memory? "No man shall ever tyrannize over me—never! What the mischief do you suppose is the matter with this sewing machine?"

"Annoyed at your logic, most likely," said my friend, a bright eyed young matron, as she threaded her needle.

"My husband is not a tyrant, Miss Kent."

"I am glad you are satisfied," was the laconic answer.

It was quite evident by the expression of the dressmaker's face that she had formed her own opinion about my friend's husband, and was quite competent to form and express an opinion on any subject.

Miss Kent was a little woman, as fair as a girl and as plump as a robin. She wasn't ashamed to own that she was forty years old and an old maid. She had earned her own living most of her life, and was proud of it. Laziness was the one sin Miss Kent could not forgive. She was a good nurse, a faithful friend, and a jolly companion; but stroke her the wrong way, and you'd wish you hadn't in much shorter time than it takes me to write it. Her views on all subjects were strikingly original, and not to be combated.

"What are you going to do when you are old?" persisted the mistress of the establishment.

"What other old folks do, I suppose."

"But you can't work forever."

"Can't say that I want to."

"Now, Miss Kent, a husband with means, a kind, intelligent man"—

"I don't want. I don't want any man. I tell you, Mrs. Carlisle, I wouldn't marry the best man that ever lived, if he was as rich as Crœsus, and would die if I didn't have him. Now if you have exhausted the marriage question, I should like to try on your dress."

That there was something behind all this I knew well. My friend's eyes danced with fun; and as Miss Kent fitted the waist, she threw me a letter from the bureau.

"Read that," she said, with a knowing look. "It may amuse you."

This is what the letter said:

"MY DEAR JENNIE: I shall be delighted to spend a month with you and your husband. There must be, however, one stipulation about my visit—you must promise to say no more about marriage. I shall never be foolish again. Twenty-five years ago to-day I wrecked my whole life."

"Better embark in a new ship, hadn't he?" put in Jennie, *sotto voce*.

"So unsuitable was this marriage, so utterly and entirely wretched have been its consequences, that I am forced to believe the marriage institution a mistake. So, for the last time, let me assure you that I wouldn't marry the best woman that ever lived, if by so doing I could save her life. Your old cousin,

"MARK LANSING."

"Rich, isn't it?" said Jennie, and then pointed to the chubby little figure whose back happened to be turned.

I shook my head and laughed.

"You'll see," continued the incorrigible.

"See what?" inquired Miss Kent, quite unaware of our pantomime.

"That particles which are chemically attracted will unite. Of course an alkali and an acid—Don't you think this sleeve is a little too long, Miss Kent?"

"Not after the seam is off. But what were you saying about alkalies and acids, Mrs. Carlisle? The other day at Professor Boynton's I saw some wonderful experiments."

"Did they succeed?" inquired Jennie, demurely.

"Beautifully."

"So will mine. I never botched a job in my life."

"I don't think I quite understand you," said Miss Kent, perplexed.

"No? I always grow scientific when talking about marriage, my dear."

"Bother!" was all the little woman said, but the tone was much better natured than I expected.

The next week Cousin Mark arrived, and I liked him at once. An unhappy marriage would have been the last thing thought of in connection with the gentleman. He had accepted the situation like a man, Jennie told me, and for fifteen years carried a load of misery that few could have endured. Death came to his relief at last, and now the poor fellow honestly believed himself an alien from domestic happiness.

Singular as it may appear, Cousin Mark was the embodiment of good health and good nature; fifty, perhaps, though he didn't look it, and as rotund and fresh in his way as the little dressmaker was in hers. As I looked at him, I defied anybody to see one and not be immediately reminded of the other. True, he had more of the polish which comes from travel and adaptation to different classes and individuals, but he was not a whit more intelligent by nature than was the bright little woman whom Jennie had determined he should marry.

"I was surprised you should think necessary to caution me about that, Cousin Mark," cooed the plotter, as she stood by his side looking out of the window. "The idea of my being so ridiculous!" and in the same breath, with a wink at me: "Come, let us go to my sitting-room. We are at work there, but it won't make any difference to you, will it?"

Of course Cousin Mark answered "No," promptly, as innocent as a dove about the trap being laid for him.

"This is my cousin—Mr. Lansing, Miss Kent," and Mr. Lansing bowed politely, and Miss Kent arose, dropped her scissors, blushed and sat down again. Cousin Mark picked up the refractory implements, and then Miss Jennie proceeded, with rare caution and tact, to her labor of love. Cousin Mark, at her request, read aloud, drawing Miss Kent into the discussion as deftly as was ever fly drawn into the web of the spider.

"Who was that lady, Jennie?" Cousin Mark inquired that evening.

"Do you mean Miss Kent?" said Jennie, looking up from her paper. "Oh, she is a lady I have known for a long time. She is making some dresses for me now. Why?"

"She seemed uncommonly well posted for a woman."

Under other circumstances Mrs. Carlisle would have resented this, but now she only queried: "Do you think so?" and that ended it.

Two or three invitations to the sewing-room were quite sufficient to make Cousin Mark perfectly at home there; and after a week he became as familiar as this:

"If you are not too busy, I should like to read you this article;" and this is what Miss Kent would say:

"Oh, I am never too busy to be read to. Sit down by the window in this comfortable chair and let's hear it."

After a couple of weeks, when the gentleman came in, hoarse with a sudden cold, Miss Kent bustled about, her voice full of sympathy, and brewed him a dose which he declared he should never forget to his dying day; but one dose cured him. After this, Miss Kent was a really wonderful woman.

Ay, Jennie was an arch plotter. She let them skirmish about, but not once did she give them a chance to be alone together—her plans were not to be destroyed by premature confidences—until the very evening preceding Cousin Mark's departure for California. Then Miss Kent was very demurely asked to remain and keep an eye on Master Carlisle, whom the fond mother did not like to leave quite alone with his nurse.

"We are compelled to be gone a couple of hours; but Cousin Mark will read to you, won't you, cousin?"

"Certainly, if Miss Kent would like it," replied the gentleman.

The infant Carlisle, thanks to good management, was never awake in the evening, so the victims of this matrimonial speculation would have plenty of time. The back parlor was the room most in use during the evening, and out of this room was a large closet with a large blind ventilator, and out of this closet a door leading to the back stoop and garden. Imagine my surprise when I was informed that Mr. Carlisle was going to lodge, and that we, after profuse warnings about the baby, and promises not to be gone too long, were to proceed to this closet overlooking the back parlor *via* back gate and garden. In vain I protested.

"Why, you goose," laughed Jennie, "there'll be fun enough to last a lifetime. John wanted to come awfully, but I knew he'd make a noise and spoil everything, so I wouldn't let him." The wily schemer had taken the precaution to lock the closet door from the outside, so there was no fear of detection. On a high bench, as still as two mice, we awaited results.

Cousin Mark (as if arousing from a protracted reverie). "Would you like to have me read?"

Miss Kent. "Oh, I'm not particular."

Cousin Mark. "Here is an excellent article on elective affinities; how would you like that?"

Jennie's elbow in my side almost took my breath away.

Miss Kent. "Who is it by?"

Jennie (clear into my ear). "That's to gain time; see if it isn't."

Cousin Mark. "It's by a prominent French writer, I believe."

Miss Kent. "I don't think I care for a translation to-night."

Cousin Mark. "Nor I; nor reading of any kind. This is my last evening in New York, Miss Kent."

Miss Kent. "I hope you've enjoyed your visit?"

Jennie (into my very head this time). "She's as shy as a three-year-old colt."

Cousin Mark. "I didn't think I should feel so sorry about leaving."

Jennie. "He is the wreck, you remember."

A long pause.

Miss Kent. "I think I hear the baby."

Cousin Mark. "Oh, no. You are fond of babies, aren't you, Miss Kent?"

No answer from Miss Kent.

Cousin Mark. "I have been a very lonely man, Miss Kent, but I never realized how lonely the rest of my life must be until I came to this house."

Jennie. "Oh, how lonely!"

Cousin Mark. "Now I must return to my business and my boarding house. Think of that, Miss Kent—boarding house—boarding house, for a man as fond of domestic life as I am, Miss Kent."

Just then we very distinctly heard a little purr, which sounded very like a note of intense sympathy from Miss Kent.

Cousin Mark. "I have friends in San Francisco, of course, but no fireside like this, nobody to care for me if I am ill, nobody to feel very badly if I die."

Jennie. "That'll fetch her."

Miss Kent (voice a little quivering). "I wish I lived in San Francisco. You could always call upon me if you needed anything."

(Jennie in convulsions.)

Cousin Mark (abruptly). "If you will go to California with me, Miss Kent, I'll wait another week."

Miss Kent. "Why, Mr. Lansing, what do you mean? What would folks say?"

Cousin Mark. "We don't care for folks, Miss Kent. If you'll go, we will have a house as pleasant as money can make it. You shall have birds, and flowers, and horses, and all the scientific monthlies you want—deuced if you shan't—and you shall never sew a stit for anybody but me. Will you be my wife?"

Just then Jennie and I stepped up another peg, and there was that little old maid, who wouldn't marry the best man that ever lived, hugged close to the man's breast who wouldn't marry the best woman that ever lived, not even to save her life. We came away then, but it's my opinion that they remained in just that position till we rang the bell half an hour after.

"How did you know?" I asked of Jennie.

"My dear," she answered, "my whole reliance was upon human nature; and let me tell you, goosie, whatever else may fail, that never does."

"Why, Miss Kent, what makes your face so red?" inquired Jennie, upon entering; "and, Cousin Mark, how strangely you look! you hair is all mussed up."

"And I hope to have it mussed often," said Cousin Mark, boldly. "Miss Kent and I are to be married next week."

Jennie laughed till her face was purple, and when I went up stairs Miss Kent was pounding her back.—*Bazar*.

Fashion Notes.

The furor for silver increases.

Catogan nets, black and colored.

Velvet skirts are again to be seen.

Gold trimming on white silk is fashionable.

Damask silk will be fashionable for overskirts.

Sleeves are narrow and many of them have cuffs.

For autumn wear the Louis XIII. style will prevail.

Sealskins trimmed with beaver cannot be worn with crape.

A pointed Tyrolean hat, known as the timbole, is much worn abroad.

For evening wear, cashmere of all soft shades will be popular.

Silver buttons in quantity will be used on light woolen costumes.

Sealskins alone may be worn in any mourning except a widow's.

Cravats and neckties promise to be longer and wider than in past years.

Costumes made of satin and velvet are talked about for the coming season.

Myrtle green of the darkest hue will be much seen in stylish winter costumes.

Plain long sealskin jackets will be more fashionable this winter than last.

Basques and overskirts will not be completely superseded by the popular polonaise.

The new browns are darker than last year, and there are fewer gray shades than in previous winters.

Silk dresses will soon be at least fifteen per cent. dearer than they were at the same time last year.

In silks black and all dark colors will be fashionably worn, and the gros grains of demi luster, with medium reps, will be the most approved quality.

Bright shades of cardinal red are preparing in Paris for underskirts, and for trimming polonaises of delicate colors.

Rough finished camel's hair, serges and cashmeres will be worn, and in cashmere the ink shades only a few removes from black, will be the most popular.

There is a new work of China crepe in preparation for winter ball dresses; it is open work, with silk embroidery.

A conspicuous feature in some of the new polonaises is an immense bow placed midway down the back of the skirt.

The Great Cities.

The following recently published table exhibits the population and total daily consumption of water in several large cities:

	Inhabitants.	Gallons.
London	3,700,000	122,000,000
New York	1,200,000	114,000,000
Philadelphia	750,000	42,000,000
Manchester	750,000	16,000,000
Chicago	475,000	38,000,000
Cincinnati	275,000	15,000,000
Sheffield	265,000	5,000,000

It will be clearly seen that the ratio of consumption is much greater in American than in European cities—particularly in New York. This is partly due to various improvements of baths, etc., in modern dwellings, to the extensive use of water for manufacturing purposes, and to a free use of water in various other ways. But that there is in many places a needless waste of the Croton is quite certain.

How Late May a Lover Stay?

Miss Abbie J. Terry, an American young lady of literary proclivities, in a recent publication, says:

"It is an imposition on any well bred girl to keep her up later than half-past ten o'clock, when you have the opportunity of seeing her often. If you always leave her with the wish in her heart that you had staid longer, you gain so much. Never run the risk of wearying her with your presence. Woo a woman bravely. If there is anything humiliating to a woman, it is to have a lover, whom she wishes to honor, weak and vapid, ever yielding and half afraid of her. She longs to tell him to act like a man."

Miss Terry, it will thus be seen, holds the same profound and correct views of the female heart which were entertained by Mr. Weller, who commended the "bob-tailed style of love letter," because it made the recipient wish there was more of it. For our part we take exceptions at once to Miss Terry's ruling. Why should it be an imposition to keep a well bred girl up later than 10:30 P. M. conversing with her betrothed or probable betrothed on the same sofa in a parlor with the gas turned down for economy, as becomes these times of retrenchment and reform, and not an imposition to take her to a ball, where under the glaring light she will dance till four A. M. with a score of people, to not one-half of whom she can reasonably expect to become engaged? True, there should be moderation in lovers' visits. Such visits should not be prolonged, as a rule, till what the society reporters call that "late, or rather early hour," when, as Tennyson beautifully observes:

"The cats sneak home and light is come,
And the milkmen jump upon the ground."

But except in the backwoods, under the dispensation of pine knots, it is hard to see why either economy or prudence should refuse the limit of a later hour than that designated by Miss Terry, say midnight or a quarter after on ordinary occasions, and eleven or half-past on Saturday nights. Miss Terry's caution to young men against wearying the object of their attentions is, however, incontrovertibly judicious. There is nothing so beneficial or flattering to a true woman as a little wholesome neglect. Another acute observer of women and things, Mr. Joshua Billings, in one of his essays, enlarges on this point and lays down the rule that it is "wellsometimes to draw in your wind and look as though it hurt you, for she will think you are ailing and will pity you," and pity, it is an established psychological fact, easily melts the heart to love. Othello was a skillful practitioner in this kind, if Shakespeare may be believed. Miss Terry, who insists on perfect honesty between lovers, perhaps would not sanction such a ruse, and perhaps she is right, though it has been well said that in love, war and politics deception is often the better part of valor. Her last rule, "Woo a woman bravely," is admirable, though in commenting upon it she seems to betray some personal feeling, as if she, so to speak, knew how it was herself. But why should she overlook the fact that this is leap year, and a centennial leap year at that, when by all the canons it is agreed that, without doing violence to her womanhood, any true woman may tell her lover, though a very sheep, to "act like a man."—*World*.

An Ecclesiastical Joke.

The Richmond *Whig*, speaking of two old time model pastors of the Old Dominion, the Rev. John Buchanan and Rev. J. D. Blair, narrates the following amusing anecdote. It says: On one occasion Mr. Buchanan played a joke on Mr. Blair in this wise: A gentleman engaged to carry Mr. Buchanan to perform a marriage service in the country some twenty or thirty miles distant, but omitted to provide conveyance for him. At the appointed time Mr. Buchanan hired a carriage for two days, made the outward journey, and made the twain one, partook of the wedding supper and no doubt enlivened it. On the next day, as he gave the couple his parting benediction, the bridegroom slipped into his hand a rather heavy rouleau.

The kind hearted parson inwardly chuckled at the handsome fee he had earned for his brother. He was anxious to unroll the paper, expecting to find ten half joes enveloped, but he restrained his impatience until out of sight of the wedding folks; then, to his surprise and disappointment, he discovered ten half dollars. Vexation could not long retain its place with him, and soon gave way to the opposite feeling. He determined, if he could not put the fee into Mr. Blair's pocket, he would get some fun out of him. So, on his return home, he drew out a regular account, thus:

The Rev. J. D. Blair to the Rev. J. Buchanan:

To hire of a carriage two days, $5	$10.00
To horse feed and other expenses to and fro	3.00
	$13.00
By wedding fee from Mr. ——	5.00
Balance due J. Buchanan	$8.00

This is but one of the many anecdotes related of these friends.

A Good Suggestion.

W. J. Spicer, superintendent of the Grand Trunk railway of Canada, has issued a circular to his subordinates, in which he says: Moderate drinking too frequently induces sleep or perhaps a foolhardy indifference and recklessness, either of which conditions is alike dangerous in connection with the movement of trains. The importance of total abstinence, particularly amongst railway employees, cannot be overestimated; the experience of the last three years has so convinced me of its good effects that I have determined to renew my pledge for another year, and I hope that the assistant superintendents, agents, trainmen, and the traffic staff generally, will join heartily with me in the movement.

NEW JERSEY PORK.—"We make our brags on hogs this fall," said one of the officers of the New Jersey State agricultural society; "in fact, our hogs, for fineness of breed and all excellent qualities, are not excelled by the swine of any

Cured of Swearing.

The Rochester *Union* says: They tell a curious story up in the Alleghanies—somewhat amazing also—of a dull fellow named Morgan, a miner, who was greatly addicted to swearing. He would have made an excellent addition to the celebrated army of Flanders or have been a fit companion for the proverbial sailor. Everything was done by priest and laymen to cure him, but without avail. He had other vices besides, among which were card playing and drinking. On one occasion he was in a room in the tavern with his companions, engaged in a game of "old sledge," and the stakes were considerable. The room was underground, next to the brewery and very dark, and gamblers were obliged to use candles. The game became very exciting, and Morgan constantly lost. At every misfortune he railed and swore until even his hardened companions were shocked. At length he was entirely "cleaned out," and the torrent of blasphemy that flowed from his lips was frightful to listen so. Falling on his knees he defied Heaven in language that caused his listeners to shudder. Finally, having become exhausted he rolled over into a corner and fell into a drunken sleep. After about an hour he woke. Everything was in pitchy darkness, but he still heard his friends wrangling over their cards as they continued their game. Morgan called to them and asked how they could play in the dark and why they had put the candles out. They answered in a tone of astonishment: "Dark? why it's no darker here than it was before you fell asleep. The candles are still lighted; can't you see them?" Morgan sprung to his feet and shrieked: "No, I can't see anything. My God, I am struck blind!" They gathered about him in great excitement, making various tests to judge whether he had really lost his sight, and this appeared to be the case. The wretched blasphemer fell on his knees and implored them to send for a clergyman, which they presently consented to do. While waiting his arrival Morgan lay on the floor sobbing and groaning in the most pitiful manner. When the preacher came he made him a long discourse on his impiety, but he declared he would not offer prayer for the restoration of Morgan's sight unless he would promise never to use an oath again. This the miner, who was nearly delirous with terror, eagerly agreed to, and the minister, pressing his fingers upon the other's eyelids, affected to go through a secret prayer. He removed his fingers and Morgan saw as well as before—the lighted candles, his friends, and everything. His gratitude may be imagined. It is hardly necessary to say that the whole business was a clever deception arranged by his two friends during his sleep. They simply withdrew the candles, darkening the room, and then waking him with their loud disputing as they pretended to continue their game of cards. The clergyman, who was a sensible man, when applied to, readily entered into the confederacy, believing that the goodness of the end in view, which was to break Morgan's terrible habit of blasphemy, fully justified the means. And that end was perfectly accomplished, for Morgan never swore again up to the hour of his death, which was by the inclined railway used in the mines to raise the coal. If you go to Frostburg and mingle much with the people you will find their stock of stories very small, and you will hear this one beyond a doubt.

The Way to Serve Relations.

The following plan ought to be adopted another year by country people having city kindred. It is furnished the Kingston *Freeman* as worthy of public consideration: A gentleman living up the railroad, having been pestered by his relations from the city coming to visit him every summer, told his wife last spring that there must be a change in things. If she had to work herself half to death during the hot weather she might as well get paid for it, so he meant to advertise for boarders. The good wife acquiesced, and the result is they have filled their house with boarders at $7 a week, and the host of relatives have to go somewhere else to spend the summer, and pay for their board. "Why," said the gentleman, "my wife don't have to work half so hard. These boarders are not near so particular about having costly food as our relations, and they actually help around the house just as though it was fun for them. Catch any of our company doing that. Not a bit of it. They are always in the way, wanting continual waiting on, and never did a thing to help my wife—not even in washing dishes. We will make this summer nearly $400, and it will be clear moneyt for our relations would have eaten jus as much as these boarders, besides making more work, without ever contributing a cent.

What they Promised.

A letter from S. E. Denny, of the Canadian mounted police, was received at military headquarters, and is the first official information sent this government of the proposed alliance between the Sioux and Blackfeet for warfare on American whites and on the Crow Indians. Denny was sent to investigate affairs and to diplomatize among the savages, which he appears to have done successfully. He visited the Blackfeet nation and was cordially received, and learned from them that the Sioux had made advances to them for the purpose of getting them to join them in fighting the Crow Indians and also Americans. The Sioux promised a portion of the spoils and also a number of white women whom they had captured.

They promised that after the American whites were exterminated they would go across the border and massacre the Canadian whites. The Blackfeet having refused these propositions the Sioux threatened to come across and punish them. Mr. Denny promised to aid the Blackfeets in case they were attacked under these circumstances, which pleased them so well that they made profuse demonstrations and assertions of eternal friendship for the whites and threw themselves on the kindness and protection of the Canadians, saying they realized that in time they would be deprived of forage and provisions by the

The Decay of Burglary.

That the "hard times" have seriously affected that large and enterprising class of our fellow citizens, the burglars, says the New York *Times*, there is abundant evidence. A marked change is plainly perceptible in the manner in which they do their work. Formerly the burglar was usually an artist in his profession, and showed a conscientious thoroughness and nicety in its practice. He effected his entrance into a house in a dexterous and workmanlike manner, leaving no broken glass or smashed panels to accuse him of clumsy incompetence. He knew what articles of value to select, and how to avoid disturbing the inmates of the house by rude and inconsiderate noises. In no circumstances would he be guilty of wanton and ungentlemanly destruction of property. If he found himself insulted with plated spoons, and mocked by oroide jewelry, he never showed his resentment by twisting the former and stamping on the latter. If he thus failed to meet with any adequate reward for his midnight toil, he simply withdrew quietly and inoffensively, and contented himself with pitying the selfish parsimony with which householders, rolling in plated teaspoons, ignored the hard working burglar, and left him to suffer in silence the pangs of disappointed hope.

To this praiseworthy burglar of former days has succeeded the rude pretender to burglary, who cannot undertake the simplest job without showing his incompetence and vulgarity. He breaks into suburban houses by the primitive process of kicking out the cellar windows, and scratches the matches with which he lights his lantern on the spotless parlor walls. His first idea is to rob the refrigerator and make a hearty meal, careless of the annoyance which he thus inflicts upon the thrifty housewife, and of the disgrace which he brings upon his art by subordinating it to sensual gratification. After supper he makes an exploration of the house, soiling the carpets with tobacco juice, and breaking the locks of desks and drawers. If he finds nothing that is worth stealing, he expresses his brutal anger by cutting the pictures, scratching the piano, and breaking the clock. Before he departs he usually manages to fall over enough furniture to awaken the proprietor, and to thus promote that want of harmony in the domestic circle which inevitably occurs when a husband hesitates to accept his wife's advice to go down stairs armed only with his night shirt and capture a burglar. The contrast between this ruffianly housebreaker and the skillful and accomplished burglar is painfully forced upon our attention whenever we read the police reports, and thinking men naturally ask themselves what has been the cause of this sad deterioration which apparently involves the whole profession.

An Indian's Last Shot.

Four white men, while out hunting about two miles from Deadwood, killed a deer, and while they were skinning it, one of them saw an Indian approaching them, leading his pony. He was probably trying to surprise them, but, being uncertain of their exact position, he had approached too near, and they discovered him first. One of the party snatched up his shotgun, loaded with buckshot, and fired both barrels, bringing down the Indian and his pony. The confident manner in which the Indian had walked toward them had led them to suppose that he was supported by a number of others, and so they quickly retreated toward Deadwood for re-enforcements. A party started out to scout the country, and, on reaching the spot where the deer lay, the men saw the body of the Indian by the side of his pony, and, thinking him dead, they rushed forward. This action was fatal to one of the party, for a shot from the Indian's rifle struck him in the heart. A volley from the others killed the Indian instantly, however, and his body was quickly surrounded by the white men. The Indian had been almost riddled with buckshot, one shoulder and both legs having been broken, yet he had managed to bandage his legs and to take unerring aim with his wounded arm. Knowing that his life would be taken without doubt, he had prepared to sell it as dearly as possible, and, lying on his back, he rested his rifle on his wounded legs and shot dead the foremost of his assailants. In his mouth was another cartridge ready to reload. His rifle was the best and latest breech loading arm issued to the army in 1875, and it was probable that he had obtained it in the Custer or Reno fight, since an old bullet mark in the grip of the stock showed that it had been in action.

The Life of an Actor.

Rich actors are not numerous. Owens, Southern, Jefferson, and Chanfrau are very rich. So was Barney Williams. Florence and Wallack are tolerably well off, as are Edwin Adams and Floyd. The great majority spend as they go. They are friendly with each other, and with scores of "beats," who borrow and sponge to an inordinate degree. Very many of them—women as well as men—support families, children, parents, poor relations, and dependents. It is said that nearly every ballet girl in the old "Black Crook" supported a blind father and a lame mother. This is probably an exaggeration, but is none the less a suggestion. The army with banners is an imposing host on the boards, but on the pay roll the soldiers sign for fifty cents apiece. If they can sing and do sing, or if they deliver but a single line of spoken matter, they become "responsible" members of the company, and receive all along from $8 to $15 a week.

There isn't much romance about the life after all. It's a dog's life, and not a jolly dog's either. The wear and tear of nerve, the unsatisfied aspiration, the longing for a good part, the rehearsals and drills, the glare of the light, the necessity of never failing health, and the wretched compensation combine to form a cloud of discouragement to the beginner, and a bar to hope in many an old stager.

The new servant girl, on the first morning after her arrival, ingeniously asks: "And does girls that lives out

Items of Interest.

Embroidered lace will form a prominent feature in trimmings for evening dresses.

Every year a Georgia farmer cultivates a distinct piece of cotton, which he calls his "preacher patch," because the avails of the crop go to the support of his minister.

"I should be afraid to carry my nose as high as you do, ma'am," said a servant to her mistress. "Afraid of what?" she asked, sharply. "Afraid of spiders, ma'am."

A late number of a German comic newspaper represents a young lady wearing a hat trimmed with a bird, upon which a cat has jumped from a neighboring window, mistaking the stuffed bird for a live one.

A chap was arrested in Philadelphia the other day for stealing a clock. The judge told him that as he had taken another man's time to begin with, he would now take his own time to reflect upon it, and sent him up for three months.

It is said that the Servian officers are so deeply impressed with the reports they have heard of the Turkish atrocities that they always endeavor to reserve one ball in their revolvers, so as to blow their own brains out as soon as they fall into the hands of the enemy.

"I made nine hundred dollars during my three-day's visit," said a young hopeful to his father on his return from New York. "How so, my boy?" replied the delighted parent. "Why, I had a thousand dollars' worth of fun, and it only cost me a hundred."

Something novel in the way of suicide is reported from Alsace. A man put a dynamite cartridge in his mouth and applied a lighted match to it. The next second his head and the upper part of his body were blown into a thousand pieces. The man's brain had been affected by the heat of the weather.

A great number of the articles in the Philadelphia Exhibition are sold, and will be removed by the owners on November 10, the time set for the close of the show; and most of the exhibitors will exercise their privilege of then taking away their property. Consequently the display, if prolonged, would be very meager.

A citizen of Chicago, who has led a roving life, has named his children after the places where they were born, and the list is now as follows: First daughter, Albany Benson; first boy, Omaha Benson; second son, St. Joseph Benson; second daughter, St. Josephine Benson; third daughter, Cincinnati Benson; third boy, Chicago Benson.

At St. Ave, France, two farmers and a workman of Vannes found an unexploded shell. In order to prevent it from doing any damage, they themselves set to work to take out the powder by the orifice, and partially succeeded. Finding the difficulty to increase as they proceeded, one of them struck it against a stone, when it burst, blowing two of the men to pieces.

The bridge of the Boston water works over the Charles river is supported by the largest arch, except one, in the world. It measures 134 feet in length, and sixty-five feet from the keystone to the water. The weight at the center of the structure is 480 pounds to the square inch. It was constructed solely to carry Sudbury river to the other side, and will cost, when completed, $200,000.

Roger Bell, a surgeon prominent in the Bravo trial, has distinguished himself in another case. A man went to bed and his wife soon after followed him. She found him speechless, and blood flowing from his mouth. A doctor was sent for, but he did no good, and then Mr. Bell was summoned. He discovered that the man's false teeth had got in his throat, almost choking him, and with great skill he dislodged them.

That Car Window.

It requires six men, according to the San Francisco *News Letter*, to put up a car window. A young lady gets in, and having humped around in her seat for about five minutes, she turns and requests the gentleman just behind her to perform that service. This is a near-sighted individual, who peers around the window frame some time for the catch, and then—of course the window sticks—jerks his finger half off and sits down with a red face, amid the giggling of the schoolgirls opposite. Next, the man in the front seat puts his lavender colored knee on a paper of cherries beside him, clutches and yanks at the knob, and finally falls over into the young lady's lap. The cause of all this misery now remarks that "it doesn't matter," and then smiles sweetly at a pale young man with long hair. This martyr turns white, rises, and buttons up his coat for the death struggle. On the eleventh pull he bursts a blood vessel somewhere, and goes into the toilet compartment to bleed. A simple minded mechanic now comes forward with his tool bag, from which he takes a crowbar. Just when he is about to use this the conductor happens by, and slides the window airily up with a gentle twist of the wrist.

The Coal Supply.

The earth is rich enough in coal to supply the needs of all for centuries to come. Foremost in this respect are North America and China. The coal deposits of the United States cover a surface of 200,000 square miles; those in the British possessions 20,000, while in England they cover 9,000, and in Belgium 900. China is perhaps richer still than the United States in this respect. In the single province of the four rivers deposits have been explored covering 5,000 square miles, in uninterrupted heavy layers, while the province of Sjansi is situated over the richest deposits of the most excellent quality, so that by digging in any place leads to the coal deposits, which form under and around this province an incredibly large store.

NOT SO PLEASING.—It has been discovered that the aniline dye, known as fuchsine, or magenta, is largely employed by dishonest wine growers in France for improving the color of claret, and masking its dilution with water.